

Armed Forces during the Korean war. And nearly 55,000 never came home.

The Korean war is often called "the forgotten war." Well, it is not forgotten by me. I've met too many Korean war veterans and heard the stories of the hardships they endured defending—in the words of the plaque at the Korean War Memorial—"a country they never knew, and a people they never met."

So I think that one of the most fitting ways to pay homage to our fallen patriots is to treat their living comrades with the respect and honor they deserve.

Michigan is home to 875,000 veterans, and in personal conversations, letters, phone calls and e-mails I have heard from many who are not being treated fairly by the veterans' health care system or by present pension regulations.

Right now, we are underfunding veterans' health care by close to \$2 billion. This means it can take months to see a doctor and delays of a year or longer for some surgical procedures.

I am cosponsoring the Veterans Health Care Funding Guarantee Act of 2003—S. 50—that would order a 20 percent increase in funding for the Veteran's Health Administration by 2005, and adjust the amount upwards every year after that to take into account new enrollees.

Also, antiquated laws have also created an unfair situation wherein a veteran's pension can be reduced by the amount of their disability payment for a service-related disability. In some cases the pension can be wiped out entirely.

This is unfair. Pension and disability payments are two separate and distinct benefits. Our veterans have earned their pensions. And if they also suffered a service-related disability that has cut their ability to earn money outside the military, they are entitled to a separate disability payment as well.

I am cosponsoring the Retired Pay Restoration Act of 2003—S. 392. This bill would require that veterans receive their full pension plus all disability payments to which they are entitled. This issue is also known as full concurrent receipt.

As we observe this holiday we call Memorial Day, let us remember the centuries of sacrifice by thousands and thousands of men and women that this day represents. And let's make sure that all who served with honor are honored in return.

STATEMENT IN MEMORY OF MARY BOWERS

Ms. SNOWE. Mr. President, I rise today to pay tribute to one of the most extraordinary and courageous people I have ever had the privilege to know.

Mary Bowers was an integral and beloved member of my staff who sadly passed away on May 3 at the age of 28. My thoughts and prayers are with her husband, Wayne Rolland; her parents,

Betty and Chris Bowers of Hermon, ME; Mary's sister, Melissa; and her entire family who she loved so deeply. Mary's life was all too tragically brief, but how rich it was in experience and love—and how profoundly she taught us all about the art of living.

On a professional level, Mary was a tremendous asset to my staff, and I would be remiss not to recall the myriad ways in which she was the nucleus of the office. As my Maine scheduler and Assistant to the Chief of Staff, she was of extraordinary assistance, and it is no exaggeration to say that through her efforts the people of her home State of Maine—which she loved so dearly—were exceptionally well served. Yet, it should be said that Mary's most significant contributions sprang not from her work in my office—but instead from the positive and irrepressible force of her presence.

I first came to know Mary as a young volunteer on my campaigns for Congress. She was passionate even then about politics, and the role that government and elected officials could play in securing for America the blessings and ideals upon which our Nation was founded. In an era when so many of our young people feel disaffected and disenfranchised, Mary believed deeply that involvement in the process could make a very real difference—that it was a responsibility and an obligation in return for the fruits of freedom and opportunity provided by the basic tenets of this great Nation.

As her high school years drew to a close, Mary sought a nomination to the U.S. Military Academy at West Point. It was obvious by then she was not only a bright young woman, but possessed the kind of exceptional qualities that would make her a success both at the Academy and—even more importantly—in life—honesty, a commitment to service, an unassuming yet unmistakable confidence, and an intangible demeanor that inspired others to their better nature.

Indeed, even early on, Mary embodied the essence of a leader. Later, as a member of my staff, she always took charge without ever "taking over". She would have made a brilliant Army officer—people would have followed her anywhere, responding to the genuine persuasiveness of her personality and the clarity of her vision.

But Mary's greatest challenge was thrust upon her while at the Military Academy—one far greater than any obstacle course. Young, vibrant, full of promise—she learned she had cancer. In the months and years that followed, in all of the ways that truly count in this world, she would meet that challenge—and in the process forever change the lives of all who were blessed to know her.

Perhaps what was most heroic about Mary is that she never allowed herself to be defined by her disease—yet the way in which she comported herself while fighting her disease epitomized her very essence—and will surely be

the legacy that lives on in our hearts and the way in which we lead our own lives.

Quite simply, Mary was a diminutive dynamo. Tiny in stature, she was a giant in her soul. Even as cancer sapped her physical strength, she possessed a deep, more spiritual reserve from which to draw. Certainly, there appeared no rational explanation for her ability to muster energy. We could no more understand how she defied the realities that cancer imposes on the human body and spirit than we could determine how she summoned such extraordinary courage.

During her 4 years on my staff, she endured numerous, punishing treatments—none of which were subtle in their physical impact—even apologizing for having to go to doctor's appointments! Throughout it all, her attitude was unfailingly positive and gracious. Any of us would most certainly have excused Mary for any moodiness or bristling response, but the opportunity never arose. Rather, she was always more concerned for others than she was for herself.

With unfailing humor, she had a way of disarming even the most stressful of moments and deflating the small absurdities that creep into everyday life. The treats she baked and brought into the office—again, even when she was not feeling well—were a tangible gift from her heart. And while the rest of us would be affected by daily trials and tribulations of a much lesser nature, Mary was the one whose light shined into our lives and lifted our emotions. Indeed—her lifelong love of lighthouses was entirely appropriate, as she stood most firm when the seas were at their roughest . . . she was a beacon of brightness and hope . . . and her presence on the landscape of our lives will be enduring.

Particularly in our line of work, we have the opportunity to meet a great many people—some of high title, others who are the unsung heroes of our society. But the universe of those who truly change the course of our own lives by their example is much, much smaller. My staff and I will forever count Mary among those individuals.

In my own life, I have known adversity. And yet, Mary has taught me lessons in living I had not yet fully realized. I know it is the same for my staff—who, to a man and woman loved and respected Mary and the example for which she stood. All of us will now be the personal messengers of her indomitable spirit and, in turn, that part of Mary that lives on within all of us will continue to impact the world forever, for the better.

The measure of Mary's life will never be the crude yardstick of the number of years on earth, but rather the number of lives she touched while she was among us. In the words of the great American author Ralph Waldo Emerson, "to know even one life has breathed easier because you have lived—this is to have succeeded." I

could not agree more, and in that light Mary Bowers was most assuredly one of the most successful people one could ever hope to know. We love her and we will miss her more than words have the power to convey.

I ask unanimous consent that a retrospective on Mary's life published by the Portland Press Herald be printed in the RECORD, as well as a copy of the eulogy delivered at her funeral service by my former Chief of Staff, Kevin Raye.

[From the Portland Press Herald, May 6, 2003]

MARY BOWERS, 28, SMALL SENATE STAFFER
WHO MADE GIANT IMPACT
(By Joshua L. Weinstein)

BANGOR.—Ask Mary Bowers' husband if his wife had any subtle ways of letting him know she loved him, and you'll hear:

"There was nothing subtle about Mary. She just told me that she loved me all the time."

Mrs. Bowers, who died Saturday, was like a summer day in Maine: clear and sunny and not with us nearly long enough. She was only 28 when she died of ovarian cancer.

"She was courageous, she was funny and warm" said her boss, Jane Calderwood, the chief of staff to U.S. Sen. Olympia Snowe. "She's mom to all of us . . . She was really the heart of the place."

Mrs. Bowers doted on people, brought homemade chocolates to work, delighted in the little things.

But she could be fierce.

She was a tiny thing—maybe 5-foot-3, on her toes—but she had a way about her.

Before she got sick, she decided on a career in the military. She was accepted to the U.S. Military Academy at West Point, and studied there two years before being diagnosed with cancer. She rallied, and landed at the University of Maine, where she graduated with high honors in political science.

She worked briefly with Presidential Classroom, a Washington-based program for high school scholars, before joining Snowe's staff, where she was state scheduler and assistant to the chief of staff.

She was beloved in Snowe's office.

"You could tell by her eyes when she was up to no good," Calderwood said. "You could tell because there would be this glint. And if she walked into the room and she had that look, you'd be in trouble."

Bowers's husband, Wayne Rolland, said his wife loved her nieces, loved her job, loved the Republican Party, loved history, loved politics.

"One of the funny things that she used to say, and it sounds kind of funny coming from a cancer patient, but she used to always say, 'It's better to look good than to feel good.'"

Mrs. Bowers always looked good, Rolland said.

With her deep blue eyes and suits from Talbot's, maybe a few white daisies on her desk, Mrs. Bowers had style.

She was a vegetarian who loved chocolate and the occasional glass of wine.

She liked country music, especially Garth Brooks. She sang in the church choir when she was a girl, and one of her favorite gifts from her husband was a karaoke machine.

She always used to sing Brooks' "Friend in Low Places."

She even sang it at her wedding.

Mrs. Bowers loved the ocean, and collected lighthouses, along with Beanie Babies and candles.

Lighthouses and candles made sense, Calderwood said.

"She was always the bright light."

EULOGY FOR MARY BOWERS

(Offered by Kevin Raye at All Soul's
Congregational Church, Bangor, Maine)

May 7, 2003

Good afternoon. Over the course of my life, I have often stood before a congregation to help lead services. I have often been called upon to speak in public. And like everyone in this sanctuary today, I have often shared in joys and sorrows with family and friends. But never in my life have these three things converged in such a profoundly difficult way for me as they do today.

When Wayne called me to convey Mary's request that I speak at her funeral, I was profoundly moved. And to be honest, I was overwhelmed by conflicting emotions. The desire to do absolutely anything in the world for Mary, crushing sadness that her death was now so imminent, a sense of inadequacy to do justice to her life and her courage, and the trepidation that I would not be able to maintain my composure at this moment.

But despite those swirling emotions, I embraced her request. Because finally there was something I could do for Mary.

And because it is an honor to pay tribute to this remarkable young woman whose strength and optimism, whose kindness and thoughtfulness, and whose happiness and loving nature deeply touched so many lives—more deeply than she ever knew.

And whose penchant for taking care of others and getting things in order never wavered. Even in her final weeks, Mary was firmly in charge, busy organizing, checking off her list of things to do, taking care of the details. As a co-worker said upon learning of her death, Mary's up there organizing heaven right now.

But even as she took care of the details, and the strength was ebbing from her body, her first thoughts were with others. At every juncture, she was concerned more about her family and her friends than herself. And when visitors were coming, she summoned every ounce of strength to be her bubbly smiling self and lift them up.

As she said over and over to Wayne, "It's better to look good than feel good." Of course Mary would think that. Because how she looked affected how others felt. She could deal with feeling bad herself, but she wanted others to feel good when they saw her.

My first memories of Mary are of the little girl who tagged along with her mother volunteering at Olympia's campaign office. A sweet and bright and eager and energetic girl.

Even at a young age, she knew how to get things done. Or should I say, get her own way?

Betty told me a great story the other day. When Mary was a little girl, it seems the family pastor had tried in vain to get Mary's father Chris to take on some task or another. When he declined, Mary piped up and said "You know, Dad's a push-over if you flutter your eyes . . . and if that doesn't work, all you have to do is give him a kiss."

Well, Mary saved that little tactic for her father—and later used it with great success on Wayne. But for the rest of us, Mary succeeded by working hard and being determined.

She knew at a very young age that she loved politics. Over the years, and during a succession of campaigns, Mary was there. She helped us organize lit drops, she worked in the office, she licked envelopes, she loved politics. In fact, she once told her mother that when she became President, she would have her mother dust the White House and her father trim the rose bushes.

Well not only did Mary love politics, but everybody in politics who met her, loved Mary.

And all of us were so proud of her—her appointment to West Point, her stellar academic accomplishments there and at the University of Maine, where she graduated magna cum laude—and to see what a fine young woman she grew to be.

But we were not only proud, we were humbled and awed by her grace, her dignity, her strength, her determination, her unwavering optimism and her enormous courage as she battled the cancer that invaded her young body. And how she never skipped a beat in her continued daily devotion to her family and friends, and to her work.

After Mary had grown up, and had survived her first bout with cancer, she moved to Washington to work for Presidential Classrooms. As it happened, I was also there, serving as Chief of Staff to Senator Snowe. And soon after learning that Mary was in town, I convinced her to leave her other job behind and come to work for Olympia.

Now, one thing that I have often observed about bright, talented and ambitious young people, college degree in hand, having landed their first job on Capitol Hill, is that they are sometimes disheartened to find themselves answering the phone or entering data, or saddled with other decidedly unglamorous responsibilities. You won't be surprised to know that Mary was different.

She was as bright, talented and ambitious as any young person I ever hired in nearly two decades with Olympia.

But Mary was also determined to be the best at whatever she did. No matter what the task, to Mary, it was important. Whether she was taking a phone call from a veteran in Passadumkeag, giving a tour of the Capitol to a family from Lubec, or greeting a member of the President's Cabinet, Mary accorded every person her full attention and her trademark kindness, genuine interest and sweet smile.

With her extraordinary organizational skills, and penchant for details, she did her work thoroughly and then looked around to see what else needed to be done.

As I observed her in action, I knew Mary was exactly the person I needed at my side to help me fulfill my responsibilities as Chief of Staff. So I made her my assistant—and also put her in charge of Olympia's Maine scheduling. She literally did the work of two people, and it was one of the best decisions I ever made.

As my wife Karen can attest, Mary's competence, her quiet unflappability, her uncanny ability to keep track of ten thousand things at once, and her mischievous sense of humor, combined to make her enormously valuable to me, to my successor who also came to depend on her, to Senator Snowe, and—while most of them never knew her, she was enormously valuable to the people of Maine—whom she served with a passion and commitment to the noble pursuit of public service.

Mary was the epitome of the old adage "never judge a book by its cover." Because this diminutive young woman, who appeared at first blush so small and delicate, and was in truth incredibly sweet, was also as tough as nails. She had a quick wit; she had her own opinions; and she could hold her own in any situation. If you don't think so, you need to see the photograph of her running across a field during her training at West Point, covered in mud, clutching an M-16.

Not much bothered her. In fact, on Monday, Wayne was interviewed by a reporter for the Portland Press Herald, who asked him many questions about Mary. After he hung up, Wayne turned to us and said "That guy did ask one question that I didn't answer."

"What was that?" we asked.

"He asked if there is anything that really drives her nuts. That was a hard question."

And I didn't answer because the only thing I could think of was "Yes, a Democrat." Quickly adding, "But even for Democrats, she had a place in her heart!"

Yes, that was Mary. She had her opinions, and she was passionate about them, but she had a heart big enough for everyone . . . and the only things that really drove her nuts were racism and sexism, two things for which she had zero tolerance.

On a personal level, I will always be deeply grateful for Mary's selflessness last year, when despite her illness, her loyal friendship brought her home to Maine to be at my side at crucial moments of my campaign for Congress—during the Republican Convention a year ago last weekend, and again during the hectic final weeks of the campaign last fall.

When it was crunch time, and everyone knew I needed someone to help keep me calm amidst the storm, it was Mary we turned to.

Knowing Mary was a joy in every respect. Her curious mind, her cheerful outlook and easy laugh, her grace under pressure, her steely determination and unflinching courage in the face of devastating illness, all combined to make this incredible young woman one of the most remarkable individuals I have ever met—or hope to meet—in my lifetime. They also made her much more than a co-worker. They made her a beloved friend—in the truest sense of the word.

And one of the joys of knowing Mary was that of getting to see her experience the wonder of true love. For that is what she found with Wayne.

No two people could ever have been more right for each other. And while Mary certainly made Wayne sweat it out for a long time before deeming him worthy of her affections, once she made up her mind, it was a true romance.

And it was the best decision of her life, for she got a life's partner who was there for her in every way—and who stayed at her side, giving her strength and support and love through every day of her life, and drawing his own strength and inspiration from Mary.

And while their days together were far too few, they brought each other great happiness and fulfillment.

Among the things Karen and I will always be grateful to Mary for is allowing us to get to know Wayne, and to share in the joy of their loving relationship, and other small joys like our shared passion for good food—especially Indian food. Of course, Mary's had to be vegetarian, while she tolerated Wayne, Karen and I indulging our basic carnivorous instincts.

And our mutual love of movies, cook-outs by the pool, enjoying special occasions together like the Inaugural Ball, the celebration of their long-awaited marriage, and being at their side during the up and down fight against Mary's cancer, and in the bittersweet journey of these last weeks.

Then, of course, there was that picture-perfect summer day in Bar Harbor last August, when Mary and Wayne were married at last. It was the wedding of Mary's dreams, and she was truly a radiant and beautiful bride.

Moments before the ceremony, when most brides are a nervous wreck, Mary took time to play ring-around-the-rosie with Alexa and another of the littlest guests.

At the reception, she danced, she laughed, she mingled and spent precious moments with every person there, and she entertained everyone by singing her trademark karaoke rendition of Garth Brooks's "I've Got Friends in Low Places."

And in keeping with the nautical theme of the reception—so in keeping with Mary's love of the ocean and lighthouses, and Wayne's love of the sea—Wayne thoughtfully dubbed every table with the name of a ship.

Ours was, of course, the State of Maine. And the Bride's table? What else but the Queen Mary . . .

For that is what Mary was to Wayne—his Queen.

And she was able to rely on him always. His devotion to her was unwavering and it was boundless. She never made a decision without him, for they were partners in every way—even against cancer.

And through it all, in all the times we spent together, and all the discussions we had, through every hopeful sign, and with every setback, I never heard either one of them ask "Why me? Why us?" They just faced every day as a team, determined to get through it together.

That Mary found such a perfect love with Wayne was a very natural thing. Because Mary has been surrounded by love her entire life.

Especially Chris and Betty, the parents she cherished, and about whom she was so concerned throughout her illness. And if you have ever spent time with Chris and Betty Bowers, you will understand how Mary came to be so bright and cheerful and optimistic.

As we heard the beautiful trumpet solo of "Rock of Ages" a few moments ago, I couldn't help but think what rocks Chris and Betty have been for Mary. With their frequent journeys to Washington to be at Mary's side at crucial times in her battle against cancer, they were a constant source of support and love for Mary and for Wayne. And I know Mary was so grateful that she was able to spend her last days surrounded by their love.

And Mary took such comfort from the reassuring presence and tender care of her beloved sister Missy, with whom she was so very close, Missy's husband LeRoy, and such joy from time with her precious nieces Jordan and Alexa.

She had a very special bond with Jordan, to whom Mary entrusted the secret of fluttering eyes. Jordan used to say "Auntie, can I move in with you and Wayne?" And Mary would say "But your mother will miss you." And Jordan said "But we'd let her come visit!"

And Alexa, at a different phase in her life. So little, but so precious in her Auntie's eyes. Mary adored them both . . . and the feeling was mutual.

The circle of love that was Mary's family also included her grandmother Phyllis, who is too ill to be here today, but who faithfully traveled from Sherman to Bangor to spend time with Mary these past weeks, and is here in spirit, as well as her aunts and uncles and cousins, and Wayne's parents and grandparents and other family who became her own.

And as her days neared their end, she told Wayne she was looking forward to being reunited with her beloved grandfathers who passed away before her. And we know now in sure and certain faith that she is with them today, and her other grandmother she never knew in this life.

Two summers ago, as Karen and I began building our home in my hometown of Perry, Mary and Wayne and her Uncle Tony and Aunt Carmel bought from us a piece of land that my aunt and uncle had given me at my birth. At a beautiful place called Gin Cove on the Perry shore of Passamaquoddy Bay, overlooking St. Andrews, New Brunswick.

This spot has been near and dear to me for my entire life. It represents a family legacy, a place where I played as a child, learned to dig clams and experienced the joy of living in Maine. And while I knew selling it would be a big help in realizing the dream of building our home, I was reluctant to do so. But seeing how much Mary and Wayne loved it, and knowing that it would fulfill their dream

of being on the ocean, and provide us the bonus of bringing them regularly to Perry, made it just right.

Now that beautiful spot represents even more. Its beauty is just one more reminder of the beauty of Mary Bowers, and the legacy she leaves us all.

On Monday, Wayne came down to Perry to his and Mary's spot on Gin Cove, seeking peace and reflection at this place she loved so much.

May each of us find peace—and joy—as we reflect on Mary, and give thanks to God for sharing her with all of us these past 28 years. And while we're at it, let's whisper thanks to Mary for sharing her love and her spirit and her goodness with us.

Mary, to take some liberties at paraphrasing Garth Brooks in that song you loved to sing: now we know we have a friend in high places.

Mary, we love you, we will miss you, and we will never, never, never forget you, for you will be in our hearts until the day each of us join you in Heaven.

ADDITIONAL STATEMENTS

LCOAL LAW ENFORCEMENT ACT OF 2003

• Mr. SMITH. Mr. President, I rise today to speak about the need for hate crimes legislation. On May 1, 2003, Senator KENNEDY and I introduced the Local Law Enforcement Act, a bill that would add new categories to current hate crimes law, sending a signal that violence of any kind is unacceptable in our society.

I would like to describe a terrible crime that occurred in Aloha, OR. On August 26, 2001, Lorenzo "Loni Kai" Okaruru was found dead in an overgrown field with her face smashed in and her fingertips cut off. A biological male born 28 years before in Saipan, Okaruru, Loni began living as a woman before she had migrated to Oregon. Given the savagery of the attack—a telltale sign of a probable hate crime—local police counted Loni's murder as the first official hate crime in the county's history.

I believe that government's first duty is to defend its citizens, to defend them against the harms that come out of hate. The Local Law Enforcement Enhancement Act is a symbol that can become substance. I believe that by passing this legislation and changing current law, we can change hearts and minds as well. •

HONORING MIKE MANGEOT

• Mr. BUNNING. Mr. President, I rise today in recognition of Mr. Mike Mangeot of Covington, KY. Mr. Mangeot is a recipient of the 2003 Covington Award presented by the Friends of Covington organization.

Each year the Friends of Covington take the opportunity to honor a business professional who places an equal amount of energy on community development as they place on professional success. Mr. Mangeot was selected for his strong dedication to community affairs and leadership in Covington.